

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MAY 1995 • \$5.95

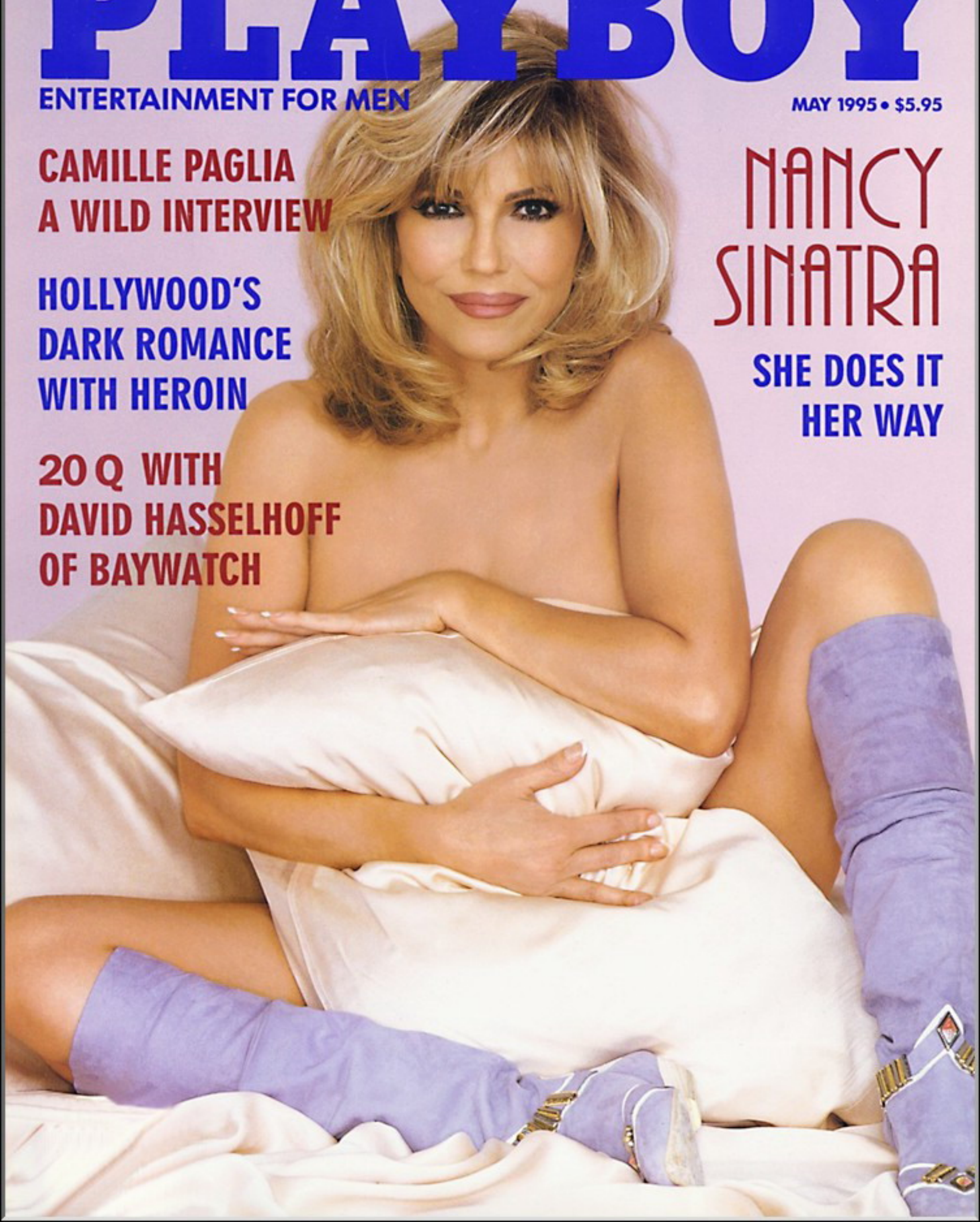
**CAMILLE PAGLIA
A WILD INTERVIEW**

**HOLLYWOOD'S
DARK ROMANCE
WITH HEROIN**

**20 Q WITH
DAVID HASSELHOFF
OF BAYWATCH**

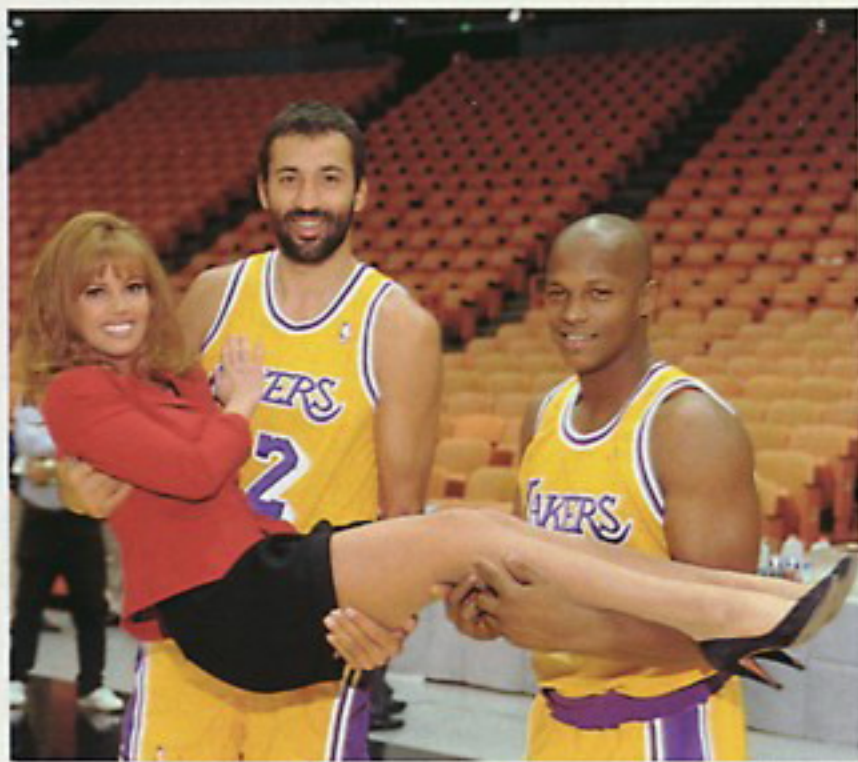
**NANCY
SINATRA**

**SHE DOES IT
HER WAY**



DREAMING of JEANIE

JEANIE BUSS MAY BE THE ULTIMATE LAKER GIRL: THE ONE WHO ENDS UP RUNNING THE FRANCHISE



"This is more my home than any house I've ever lived in," says Jeanie of the Great Western Forum. "I had my 21st birthday party here, I met my ex-husband here, I was robbed at gunpoint here, I met Michael Jackson and Frank Sinatra here." Her days may be spent in the executive suite, but she has time to chat with Lakers legend Jerry West, get a lift from current stars Vlade Divac and Nick Van Exel and ride high with her roller hockey team, the L.A. Blades. Her favorite banner in the Forum: the Blades' 1994 division championship pennant.

▼ LIKE BEING underestimated," says Jeanie Buss with a grin, and for a minute, you have to wonder who would be foolish enough to make such a mistake. Underestimate a woman who, at the age of 33, has been running professional sports teams for 14 years, who has promoted events at a prestigious arena since she was barely out of high school, who serves on the board of directors of one of the hottest sports franchises of the past few decades?

But Jeanie Buss, you see, isn't just one of the most successful women behind the scenes in sports—she's also the daughter of Dr. Jerry Buss, owner of both the Los Angeles Lakers and the Great Western Forum, who invited his daughter into the family business and then let her prove herself. "People have preconceived ideas about the children of the boss," says Jeanie over lunch in the Forum Club. "But anyone who knows me knows what I can do."

What she has done is succeed in the male-dominated world of pro sports since she was a shy teenager. "I would take along my Barbie dolls when my dad would take us to track meets and football games," she says, laughing at her introduction to sports. "But then I got kind of obsessed with sports." At 13, she got the nickname Arena Rat because she'd do anything to hang around athletes or sit in on business meetings. She absorbed so much that at 19 she was named general manager of the Los Angeles Strings professional tennis team while at the same time finishing her education at USC.

Now she's the president of





Jeanie is used to working in offices bedecked with championship trophies, but sometimes she would rather be downstairs. "The locker room is the one place I can't go, and that bugs me," she says. "I miss going in and doing some high fives after my team wins. With these photographs, I finally realized my fantasy: to wear the uniform and not just be cheering from the sidelines."



Forum Sports Inc., a company that stages tennis exhibitions, volleyball tournaments and a variety of other events at the Forum. She's also on the board of the Lakers—whose part-owner Magic Johnson recently asked her, "When are you and I going to start running things around here?"

Jeanie's current passion, though, is the team she owns: the L.A. Blades, which plays fast-paced, five-man hockey on inline skates as part of the Roller Hockey International League, now entering its third season. "I wasn't sure about the sport at first," she admits. "But before the first game, I went out to the parking lot and there were pick-up games going on. As all the kids who play it grow up, I think it'll become a major sport."

It was Jeanie's idea to step out of the boardroom for these photos, partly as a way to draw attention to her teams. "I'm not going to deny that this might help my business," she says. Most of all, she was looking to document her personal growth. "My marriage recently ended," she says, "and I thought, What are all the things I've wanted to do? And being in *PLAYBOY* was one of them. As an 18-year-old, I couldn't have done this. But now I feel I've matured into a woman who's confident in her sexuality, in how she looks and in how she takes care of herself. This, to me, was the perfect statement that I wanted to make about myself."

Underestimate Jeanie Buss? Not likely. —STEPHANIE LAKE

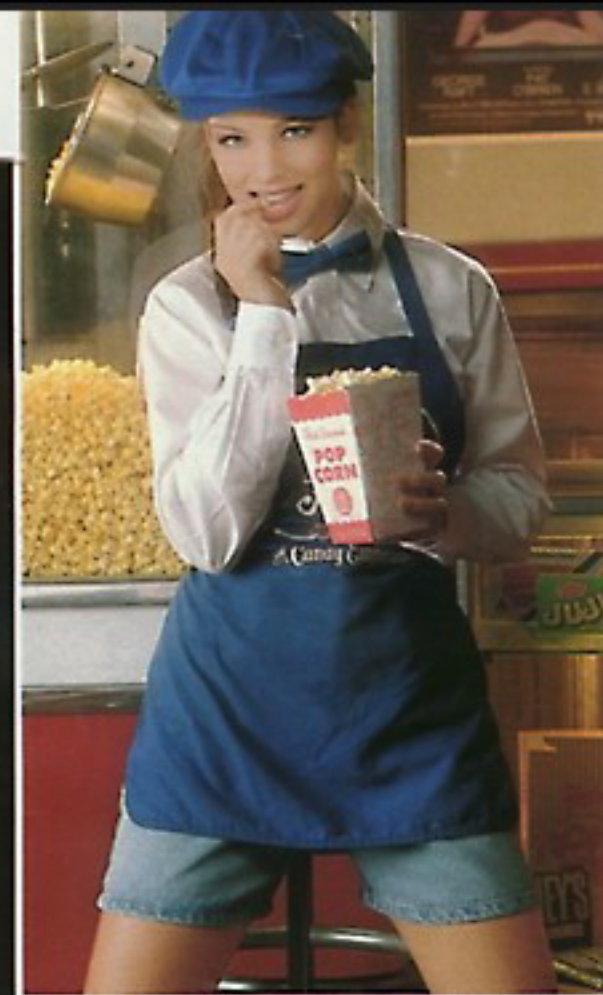




"I saw this as an opportunity to draw attention to myself and, I hope, break out of the mold of being just the boss' daughter," says Jeanie, who admits that posing for these photos also broke another barrier. "I've always been very shy, and I'm thankful to get over that. I don't feel trapped anymore by shyness about my body. The photo shoot ended up being a lot of fun, and I learned a lot about myself."







RHAPSODY IN BROWN

miss may makes her
move from popcorn
peddler to playmate

CINDY BROWN is in the middle of a spirited discussion about the environment and destructive human appetites when temptation turns her pretty head. Six Hell's Angels roar up Rose Avenue, rattling the open windows of the café where we sit, just off the beach in Venice, California. "Oh my God," Cindy exclaims, her eyes suddenly gleaming. "I want a Harley really bad!" What? A gas-guzzling vestige of our unenlightened past? "Oh man!" she says, immediately launching into a new story. "I was sitting at Johnny Rockets on Melrose Avenue one night, and this woman drove up solo on a Harley. That's supposed to be a man thing. Everybody gave her respect right away. I'm constantly looking for a way to do things that women aren't supposed to do."

In another day and age, this extraordinary girl-next-door might have been an outlaw or a revolutionary. Raised on a small farm in the desert town of Boron, California, two hours north of Los Angeles, she threw a broccoli stalk into the family works when, at 15, she became a vegetarian. The folks at

"When we shot this, I ate so much candy!" recalls Cindy, a former popcorn vendor. Dieting is not an issue for Miss May, who hits the gym five or six days a week. "The regulars at the gym laugh at me and say, 'Addicted, huh?' But at least I don't have to watch what I eat."





home had to adjust. "We raised animals—horses, sheep, goats, pigs, cows, chickens. My dad is a meat-and-potatoes kind of guy, and he was raising most of these animals for our food. I grew up accepting that, but when I got older I realized that I like feeding the animals more than I like eating them."

Cindy is certain that her Cherokee ancestry, mostly ignored by her parents, guides her environmental consciousness. "I would love to work for the Environmental Protection Agency someday," she says. "I'd like to straighten it out, because it's as crooked as it gets. I could help companies clean up their acts." (Note to Al Gore: She couldn't hurt.)

Life is always a little bumpy for a maverick, but Cindy says her mom—with whom she

"I used to wear baggy clothes all the time," says Cindy, "but I don't anymore. I'm proud of my body. It's fun to be sexy. It spills over into the rest of my life. When the photographer was shooting and he said, 'Oh, yeah. That's good,' I was thinking, All right! I'm good! That feels very sexy."





Cindy, who played volleyball when she was in high school, recently met beach-volleyball player Sinjin Smith. "He was one of my idols," she says. "I have a lot of nerve, so I walked up to him at a tournament and asked him if I could have his autograph. Then I sat down and started talking with him. We've become friends. I've learned a lot from him." Oh, for life on the professional beach-volleyball circuit.





lives now, along with her stepfather and two stepbrothers—is her inspiration. “I can’t believe how much I’ve become like her,” she muses, smiling. “I’m a very strong and independent person because of her. She’s always telling me, ‘Sooner or later, you’re going to be on your own. You’re going to have to make your own choices then, so you might as well start doing it now.’” One of those choices was to pose for *PLAYBOY*. Cindy and her mom are proud of the decision, and we applaud it too. After all, what use is a natural wonder if no one can see it?

—CLINT GILA





MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Cynthia Garza Borer

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Cynthia Gwyn Brown

BUST: 34C WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'4 1/2" WEIGHT: 112

BIRTH DATE: 11.25.74 BIRTHPLACE: San Jose, California

AMBITIONS: To be an environmental engineer and clean up the Environmental Protection Agency; to learn something new everyday

TURN-ONS: Blunt Honesty, Loyalty, Attention to Simple Things (Love notes, phone calls just to say hello).

TURN-OFFS: Ignorance, Vulgarinity, Jealousy, Lack of Independence and Individuality, Homophobia.

PHRASE TO LIVE BY: What is right is not always popular, what is popular is not always right.

I STAND UP FOR: Animal rights, Environmental issues - I want to do what I can to preserve non human species.

MY STRONGEST INFLUENCES: The fierce independence of my mom, my Cherokee ancestry.

MY IDEAL COUPLE: Lauren Bacall & Humphrey Bogart in "The Dark Passage" - The looks they give each other leave no need for words.



Little Farm Girl



@HHS
Mighty Rebels



My Puppy
Nikita

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Eager to make a good impression at his new job, Williams showed up promptly at eight. Passing his boss' office, he spotted the executive bouncing his secretary on his knee.

The next day, Williams arrived at the office at 8:15 and caught the old man and his secretary on a couch, kissing passionately. As the embarrassed employee tiptoed out of sight, a deep voice called after him: "If you get here at 8:30 tomorrow, Williams, you're fired."

Why can't President Clinton go scuba diving? He won't inhale.



From the day of their wedding two years before, Maggie had been nagging her husband about his past. "Come on, tell me," she asked again, "how many women have you slept with?"

"Honey," he said, "if I told you, you'd just get mad."

"No, I promise I won't. Please," she pleaded.

"Well, OK. Let's see. One, two, three, four, five, you, seven. . . ."

THE JOKE TOO SICK TO DIE: Guess what they found during Jeffrey Dahmer's autopsy: Jimmy Hoffa.

Father, forgive me, for I have sinned," the man in the confession booth confided. "Last week I went to my girlfriend's house. She wasn't there, but her sister was home. The house was empty. She was alone, I was alone, so we sinned."

The priest was aghast. "Son, you must make absolution by—"

"I'm not finished, Father," the man interrupted. "The next day, I went back to my girlfriend's house. She wasn't there, but her cousin was. The house was empty. She was alone, I was alone, so we sinned."

In the next ten minutes, the man confessed to another half dozen acts of indiscretion with his girlfriend's neighbor, her aunt and even her best pal. "How may I receive forgiveness, Father?" he finally asked.

There was no immediate response from the priest, so the sinner waited. When five minutes passed without a word, the fellow peeked behind the confessional curtain, only to find the booth empty. Walking out, he looked to the sides and behind the confessional, finally spotting the priest crouched in a pew. "Father, why are you over there?"

"Son, as you were confessing, it suddenly occurred to me that the church is empty. I was alone, you were alone. . . ."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Two old friends became philosophical after downing several drinks. "What would you do if you had only six months to live?" Peter asked Dennis.

"I'd move in with my mother-in-law," Dennis replied without hesitation.

"Good God, why?" Peter asked.

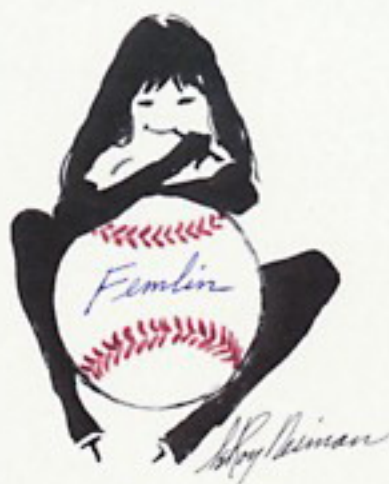
"Because it'd be the longest six months of my entire life."

How many Pentium chips does it take to change a lightbulb? Exactly 1.99438274289—but 2 is close enough.

As he dropped off his friend at the airport, Chuck offered one last piece of advice. "Don't you dare leave Paris without having Peach Poussay at Pierre's Café."

On the last day of his visit, the young man remembered Chuck's advice. He made his way to Pierre's and placed his order. The waiter bowed, then left the room. In a few moments he returned, followed by a statuesque blonde in a bathrobe carrying a peach on a silver platter. The waiter expertly peeled the skin from the peach, then grasped it between serving spoons. The lady opened her robe and the waiter rubbed the glistening fruit between her legs, then put the peach back on the platter and placed it in front of the fascinated young man. Without hesitation, he grabbed it and took a huge bite.

"No, No!" the waiter cried. "Not zee peach, monsieur. Zee poussay!"



THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: "I'm baffled by your orange penis," the doctor told his patient. "Does anyone else in your family have this condition?"

The concerned fellow shook his head.

"Do you handle any chemicals at work?"

"I don't work. I'm retired."

"Well, what do you do all day?"

"Oh, mostly sit around watching porno tapes, eating Cheetos."

What are a redneck's last words? "Hey, y'all, watch this!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.

IT SHOULD come as no surprise that Nancy Sinatra is back. We've known her since she was just a kid, when her father—you know, the most famous saloon singer in the universe—introduced her in a lilting lullaby called *Nancy (With the Laughing Face)*. Twenty years later, she strutted into pop culture accompanied by an indelible quarter-tone bass line as she snarled the lyrics to the protofeminist anthem, number one hit and all-around cool song *These Boots Are Made for Walkin'*. Occasionally, she even lent daddy a hand: One of his biggest hits is *Somethin' Stupid*, his duet with Nancy.

She has been entertaining us her entire life, so why not now, too? Her return will soon become an assault on all fronts, including the concert circuit. She has a new

THESE BOOTS ARE BACK

nancy sinatra
is walkin'
right back into
the limelight

album called *One More Time* and is at work on a four-hour documentary and CD-ROM on her father. Meanwhile, a bunch of her albums have been reissued on CD. Independent of this pictorial, Collectors' Choice Music—a Playboy subsidiary—decided Nancy's time was here again and put her on the cover of the spring catalog. The heat is on once again, and the temperature can only rise with these eight pages of photographs. They're Nancy's way of telling the world that she's proud to be in her prime at 54

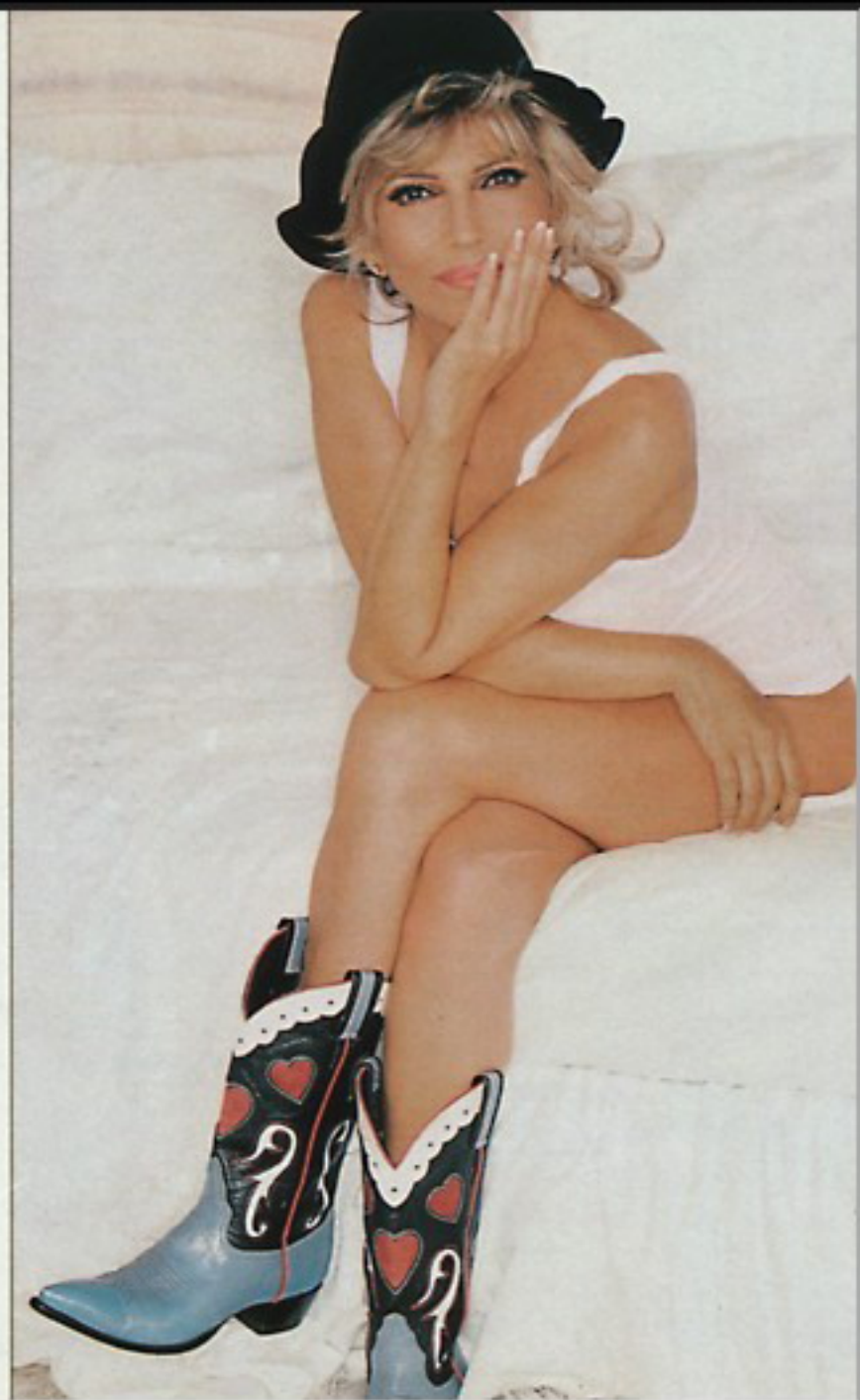
PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

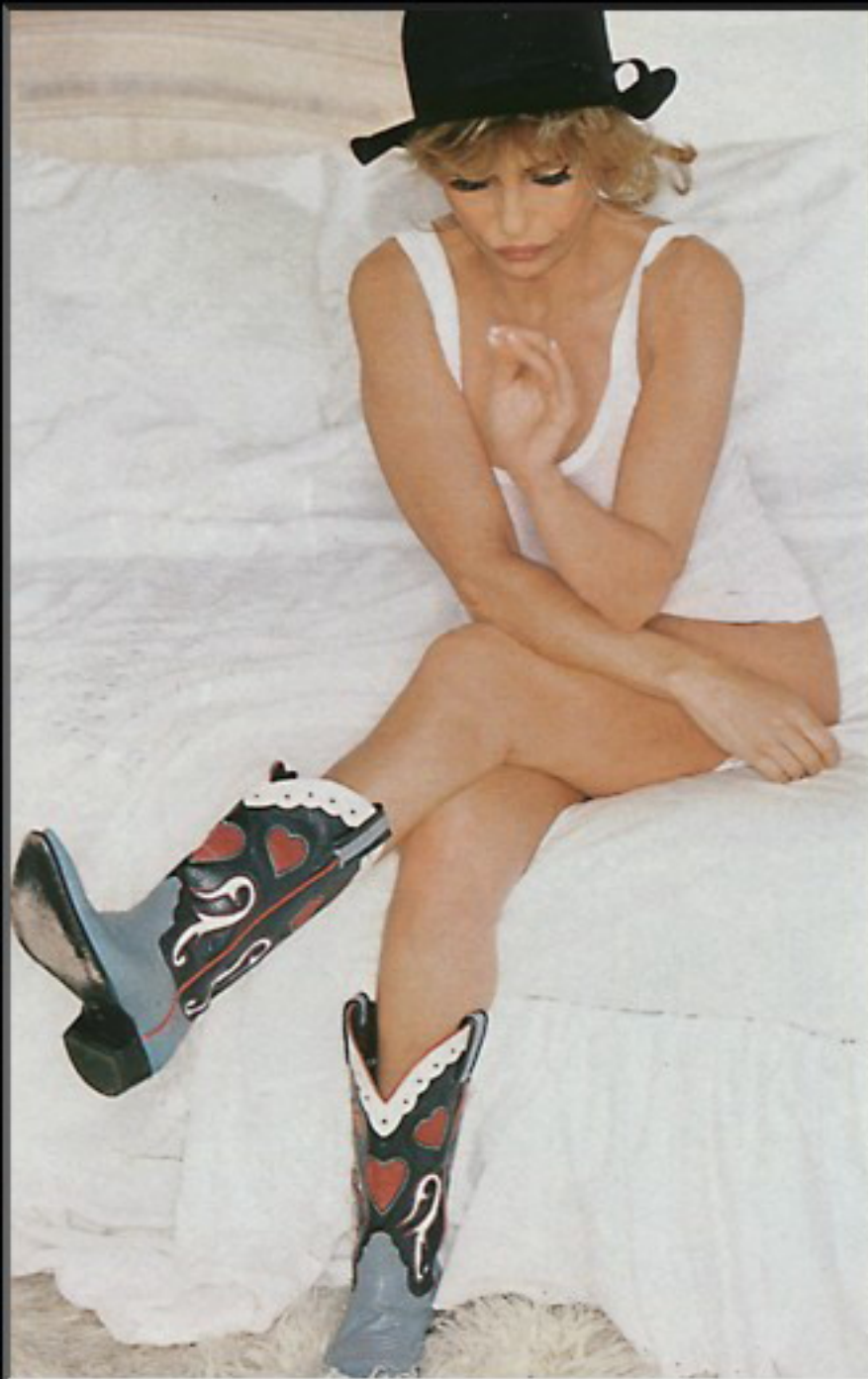




"It was a heavy time for me," says Nancy of the photo history collected on this page. "Some of those hairdos are really gross." Clockwise from above: Old Blue Eyes gives his little girl a hug on the set of the TV special *A Man and His Music: Part II*, a late Sixties trip to Europe ("I still have that coat, but of course I never wear it—poor leopards"), a publicity shot for the *Last of the Secret Agents*, Nancy and family at her big opening in Las Vegas in August 1969, at an awards show the same year, a staged photo op at which young Nancy (With the Pensive Face) sees her daddy off on yet another concert tour, climbing back into those groovy Sixties duds to play herself on the TV show *China Beach* and posing in 1966 in the classic outfit: a trendsetting miniskirt and the big white boots that were just beginning their unstoppable walk up the pop charts.







Recently, Nancy got a call from her lawyer's secretary, who just wanted to say, "Thank you for striking a blow for middle-aged women." Not that this middle-ager feels bound by the years: "The men I date range from 34 to 68. And if one of them is kissing me good-night, I'm not trying to figure out his age. That doesn't matter to me, and I don't want it to matter to him, either."

and ready to rivet our attention one more time.

"I couldn't even say the word 50 when I reached that age, I hated it so much," says Nancy, sitting in her Beverly Hills living room wearing jeans and—gotcha—white Nikes. "But then I made friends with it." That's an understatement: Her schedule, and these photos, bear testament to the power of health, herbs and happiness. "Now a lot of us are changing the face of 50."

So with new projects and a new outlook, Nancy decided to approach *PLAYBOY*, run by her longtime pal, a fellow by the name of Hefner. "Having Hef for a friend," she says, "is a little bit like having Frank Sinatra for a father. You can always pick up that phone." But this time she went through regular channels. "I was nervous," she says, "but the pictures came out so well that I thought, Well, what's stopping me now?"

If Nancy is on a roll these days, her life hasn't been all hit singles and glamour photography. As a child, she learned about the double-edged sword of having a famous father. Her mother says that Nancy used to cry when she heard Frank's voice on the radio, because he often couldn't be with her in the flesh. "I have shared him with the world ever since I can remember," she says.

Her parents divorced when she was young. She grew up sheltered, naive, Catholic. She married early, to pop singer Tommy Sands; they divorced after a few years. She speaks of those days with candor: "I married way too young, because I wanted to have sex. And I gave up college to marry. That was a colossal blunder. The pain of a divorce is something you don't want to know about at the age of 23 or 24. And all because I wanted to have sex with him. Pretty silly, huh?"

Her first records didn't do very well; then came *Boots*. Just as Frank





Sinatra had once embodied his era (what the hell—his century), his daughter became a Sixties icon, the sassy object of desire in Carnaby Street miniskirts and thigh-high boots. She co-starred with her old pal Elvis in *Speedway*, made hits of *Sugar Town*, *You Only Live Twice* and cut a series of overlooked country-rock records with Lee Hazelwood. And then she walked out of the spotlight. After marrying producer Hugh Lambert, she devoted time to raising their two daughters and researching a book on her father. The book finally came out in 1985, the same year that Lambert died of cancer. The children were nine and eleven.

"The fact that they were Sinatras and fatherless were two things working against them," Nancy says softly. "It was really important that I be there in the morning to make breakfast, pack the peanut butter sandwiches and send the girls off to school. And then to be there at three o'clock to hear their laughter or their anger or their frustration with what went on that day. I wouldn't trade money or hit records for a minute of that."

But she missed singing and, now that her children are grown, she has begun recording again after a 12-year hiatus. "It was scary as hell," she says of her return to the studio. Her new work is a classy pop-country hybrid that shows she knows what's hot. Naturally, she also included nods to the past: One highlight is *One for My Baby*, a signature tune of Frank's.

You could say that it takes guts to do a song that was defined by the Chairman—but then, you could say the same about sharing a makeup mirror with a young Playmate-to-be. "There was another girl



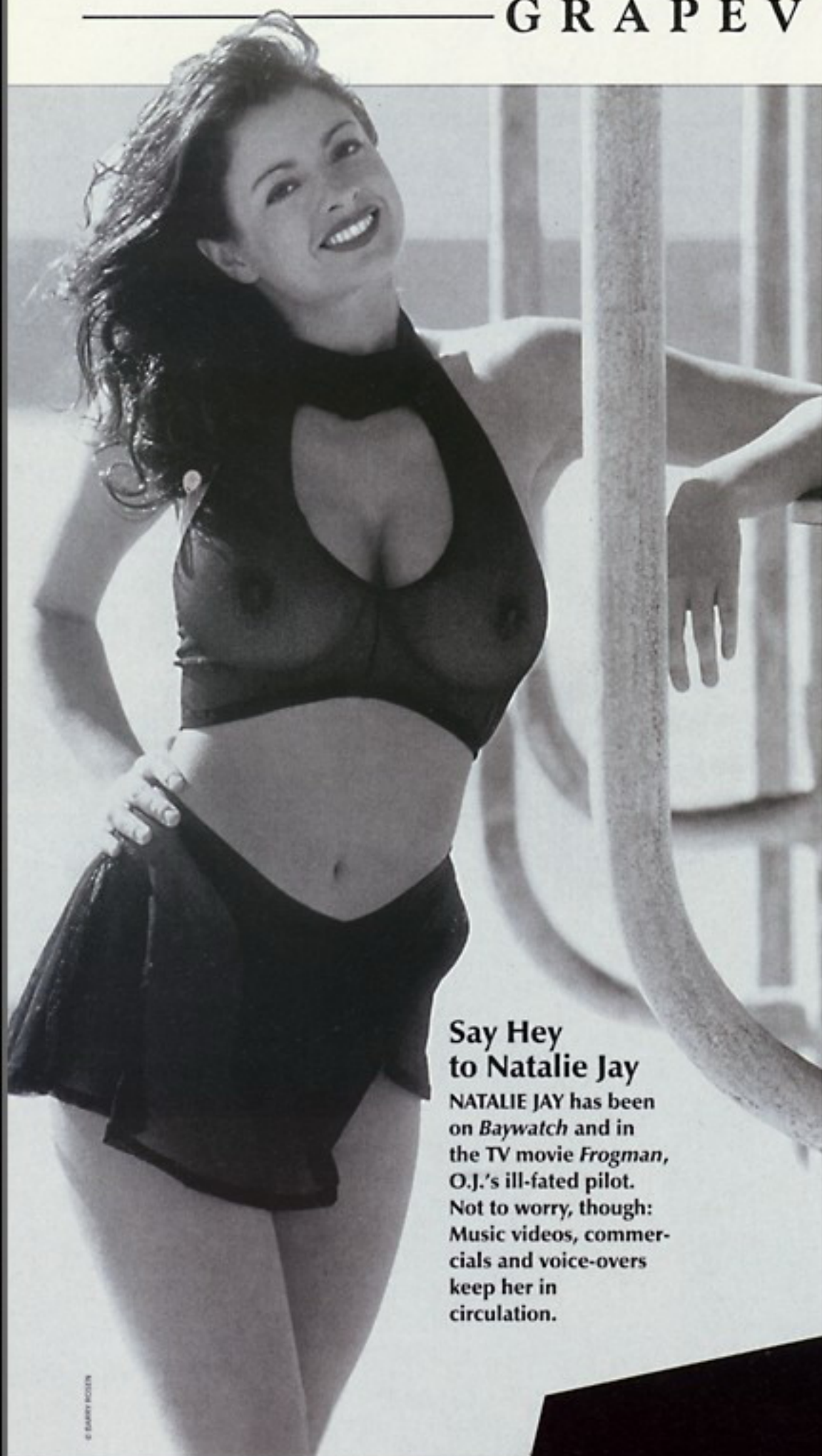




shooting the day I was at the PLAYBOY photo studio, and she was perfect," says Nancy with an easy laugh. "But it's funny, because I didn't hate her, I didn't feel jealous, I didn't feel old. I admired her, but I also felt pretty certain I was going to do a good job myself." She shrugs. "Besides, we bring different things to the pictures. She brings beautiful breasts, and I bring OK breasts and lots of personality." (For those who rate her better than just "OK," the line forms to the right.)

"For me," she adds, "this past year has been a whirlwind. Up to now, I've been moving, but not smoothly or gracefully. And now things are going to take off again, and I plan to take advantage of every second of it." She laughs again, thinking of the mileage she'll put on her new boots. "It'll be an abundance of Nancy," she says, grinning. "The roller-coaster ride is ready to begin."

—STEVE POND



Say Hey to Natalie Jay

NATALIE JAY has been on *Baywatch* and in the TV movie *Frogman*, O.J.'s ill-fated pilot. Not to worry, though: Music videos, commercials and voice-overs keep her in circulation.

© SALLY ROSEN

Rabbit Redux

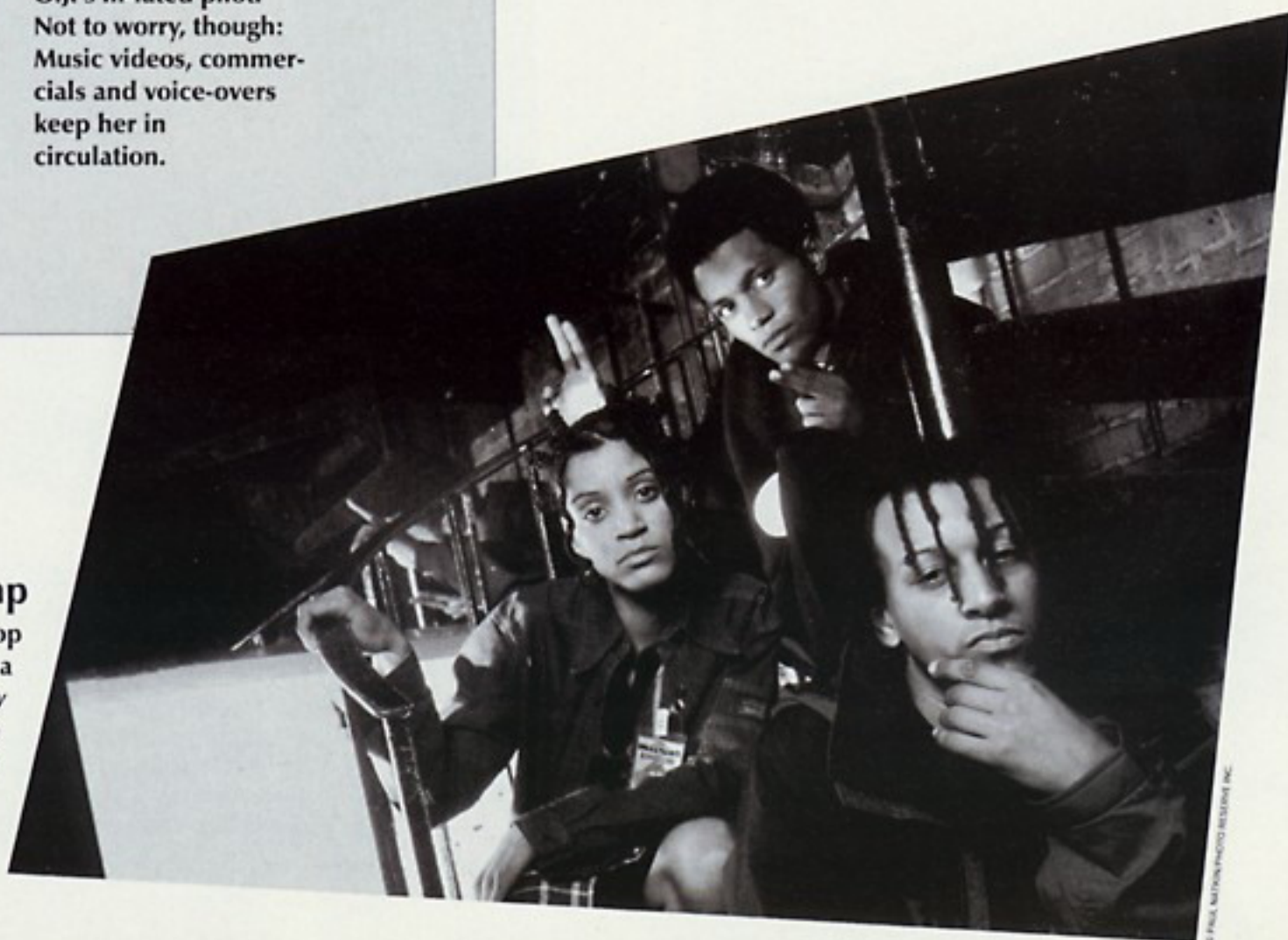
Stand-up comic and sitcom star MARGARET CHO is the first Korean American high-profile presence on TV. We like her style—both in humor and in fashion. Her show, *All American Girl*, has the critics' attention and her Rabbit has ours.



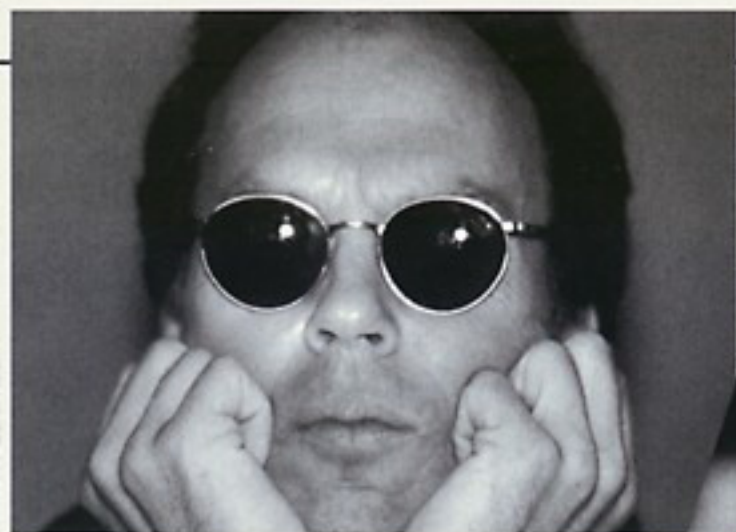
© STEVE GRANITZ/RETNA LTD.

No Sophomore Slump

DIGABLE PLANETS' cool jazz, hip-hop beats and smart stage persona claimed fans when *Reachin' (A New Refutation of Time & Space)* came out. Their latest album, *Blowout Comb*, has gone gold. The Planets are now headlining a tour. Go out of your orbit and catch them.



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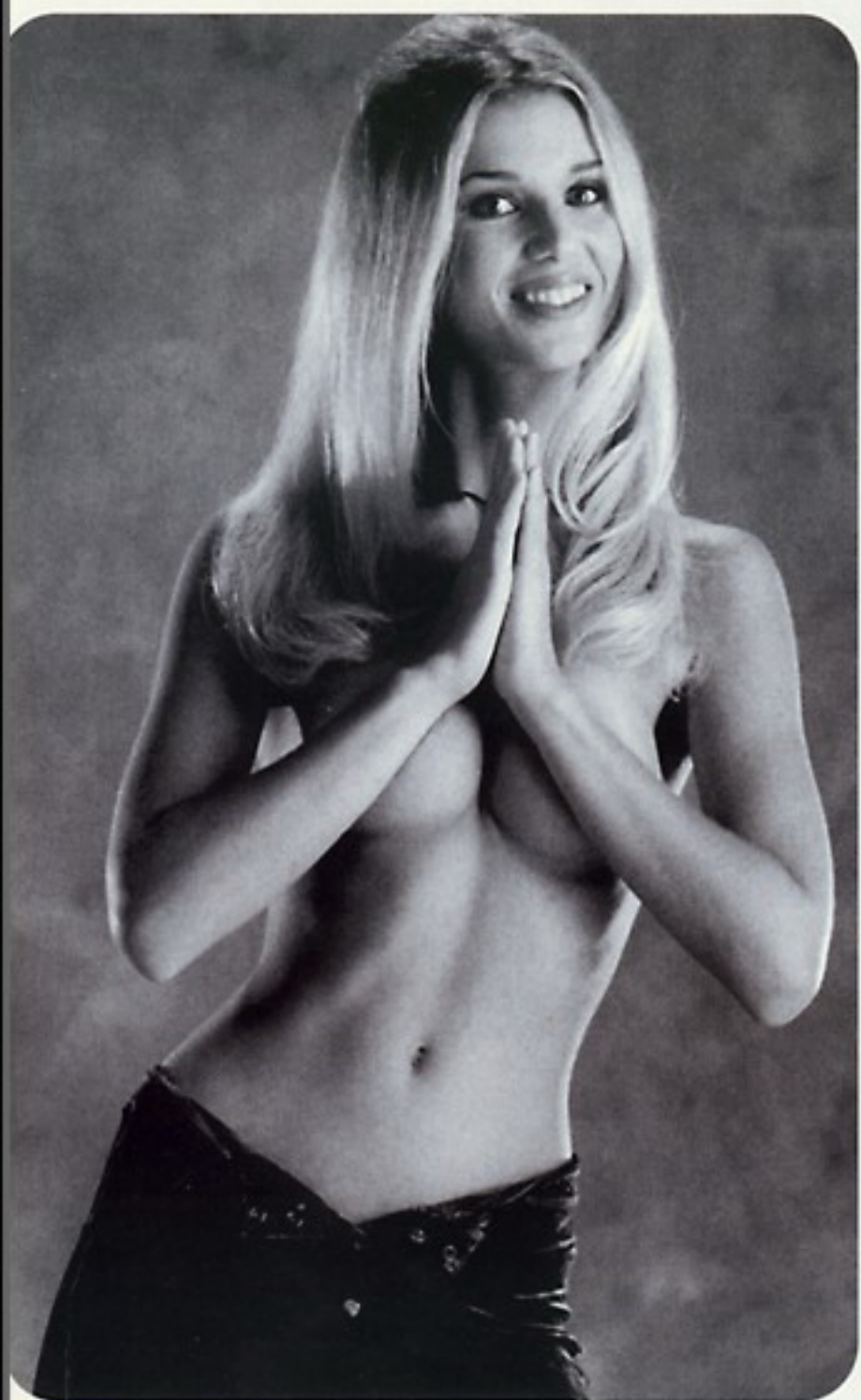
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Big Al, Miked

MICHAEL KEATON (above, left), AL PACINO (center) and MICHAEL DOUGLAS (right) are three of Hollywood's biggest names. Each is working on a movie for 1995. Keaton stars in *Multiplicity*, Pacino in *City Hall* (that's what the cigar is for) and Douglas in *The American President* with Annette Bening. Each can carry a movie, and does.



© JACOB PERLMAN

Celeste at Rest

Starlet CELESTE WEAVER is just starting out, but she has already been featured on *Melrose Place* and will be seen in *Batman III*. Holy celestial body, Batman.



© GRADY CLARK PHOTOGRAPHY

Batter Up

TIFFANY is an MTV *Spring Break* bikini-contest winner, an actress on syndicated TV's *Bandit* and a poster and calendar pinup girl. She hits a home run with us.

NEXT MONTH



THE SAFE GENERATION



SKEEKS



RUSS MEYER'S VIXENS



PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

RUSTY MIKE—A LOT OF PEOPLE THINK THAT WHEN **MIKE TYSON** GETS OUT OF THE JOINT, BOXING'S HEAVY-WEIGHT CLASS WILL BE HEAVY ONCE MORE. BUT CAN THE EX-CHAMP RECLAIM THE TARNISHED CROWN? **VIC ZIEGEL** WEIGHS IN WITH THE ANSWER

A MAN ABREAST OF HIS TIME—A PICTORIAL TRIBUTE TO **RUSS MEYER**, THE MOVIEMAKER WHO GOT THE BEST PERFORMANCES—AND MUCH, MUCH MORE—OUT OF HIS SILVER-SCREEN VIXENS. **ROGER EBERT** PENS THE ACCOMPANYING TEXT ON A VISIONARY WHO TURNED EXPLOITATION INTO ART (AND VICE VERSA)

DR. JOYCELYN ELDERS—IN HER MOST REVEALING CONVERSATION TO DATE, THE FORMER SURGEON GENERAL DISCUSSES MASTURBATION, POLITICS, PURITANISM AND RACISM, AS WELL AS HER EMBATTLED STINT AS THE CLINTON ADMINISTRATION'S MOST OUTSPOKEN MOUTHPIECE. A LANDMARK PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID NIMMONS**

SKEEKS—WHEN AMERICA'S BEST-LOVED TELEVISION STAR DIES, IT'S ONLY NATURAL THAT BOY CARTWRIGHT, ACE TABLOID REPORTER, SETS OUT TO GET THE REAL STORY BEHIND THE FATE OF HOLLYWOOD'S CANINE WONDER. ANOTHER COMIC TALE BY **DONALD E. WESTLAKE**

TOM ARNOLD—FINALLY OUT FROM ROSEANNE'S SHADOW, THE ACTOR AND COMEDIAN TALKS ABOUT MEASURING UP TO THE OTHER ARNOLD, HIS MEMORIES OF MEAT-PACKING AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT UNWANTED TATTOOS IN A BEEFY 20 QUESTIONS BY **DAVID RENSIN**

THE SAFE GENERATION—OUR CAMPUS SURVEY ON POLITICAL CORRECTNESS MAKES US WONDER IF YOU CAN YELL FIRE EVEN WHEN THERE IS ONE. FIND OUT WHAT THE NEXT GENERATION THINKS ABOUT SEX, CENSORSHIP AND THE FIRST AMENDMENT

CITIZEN TURNER—**TED TURNER** OWNS SEVEN NETWORKS, TWO MOVIE STUDIOS AND A WAREHOUSE FULL OF SAILING TROPHIES. HE'S WORTH ALMOST \$2 BILLION, IS MARRIED TO JANE FONDA—AND STILL ISN'T SATISFIED. A BEHIND-THE-SCENES LOOK AT HIS WILD RISE IN A PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **ROBERT GOLDBERG** AND **GERALD JAY GOLDBERG**

PLUS: SWIMWEAR, GREAT GADGETS AND GIZMOS FOR DADS AND GRADS, VIRTUAL REALITY HELMETS AND OUR MOST DESIRABLE, QUITE SENSATIONAL, OH-SO-SECRET-UNTIL-NOW-REVEALED PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR